

CROSS ROADS



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OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH



Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.
—St. John 20:29

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CHARLES GRANVILLE HAMILTON, Ph. D., D.D., *Editor*
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EVERYONE WHO IS LIVING THE TRUTH

Will Come to the Light

John 3:21

GOOD morning." So Jesus said when the disciples first saw him after the resurrection. So can we say today, and 365 days a year. No man is an island who can live apart from other men. Nor can man live apart from God. There are Jonahs in each generation running away from God. They may try to hide in alcohol or in TV or even in country club churches. Those who are away from church today are trying to hide from God. Evil is just "live" spelled backwards. They are running away from the light.

There is more than one way of coming to the light. Two brothers went west from Mississippi in the last century, and met in Montana years later. The first brother had crossed the Mississippi River at St. Louis on a ferry; the ferry had sunk and he swam to land. The second had crossed the Mississippi River in northern Minnesota without knowing which of the hundred brooks he crossed was the source of the great river. The first brother asked, "How did you cross the Mississippi?" The second answered, "I don't even know where I crossed." The first one retorted: "You ain't here."

There are those who feel that if you have not travelled the same spiritual highway that they have you can not possibly get to heaven. Paul travelled the Damascus road of a great and tremendous sudden conversion. Simon Peter went through several conversions before he was fully Christian. And the Apostle John followed the light wherever he led all of his days, without any sudden change. All of them became great apostles, but they did not travel the identical path to the Master.

"He died climbing" is a great epitaph. As Barth notes, "Man will see death as the sign of man's limitation, but he will go to meet it with courage and confidence; not indifferently and apathetically, not because he has not had enough of life, but because he knows that the God who has saved him is waiting for him there." Or, as Browning wrote in "Easter Day":

EASTER-DAY

How very hard it is to be
A Christian! Hard for you and me
— Not the mere task of making real
That duty up to its ideal,
Effecting thus, complete and whole,
A purpose of the human soul —
For that is always hard to do;
But hard, I mean, for me and you

To realize it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly repays our strife
To carry out the aims of life .
"This aim is greater," you will say,
"And so more arduous every way."
— But the importance of their fruits
Still proves to man, in all pursuits,
Proportional encouragement.
"Then, what if it be God's intent
That labour to this one result
Should seem unduly difficult?"
Ah, that's a question in the dark —
And the sole things that I remark
Upon the difficulty, this;
We do not see it where it is,
At the beginning of the race;
As we proceed, it shift its place,
And where he looked for crowns to fall,
We find the tug's to come, — that's all.

Crucifixions seem to come in the springtime. There is something about the awakening of new life which stirs the forces of evil to the worst, to try to kill any sign of newness of life. But the backward bitterness of winter can not prevent the coming of another singing springtime. Christ will rise again, even here. Evil wins the days but Christ controls the centuries. As Justice Brandeis wrote Woodrow Wilson on the first Armistice Day in 1918, from Euripides:

O strength of God, slow art thou and still,
Yet fairest never!
On them that worship the Ruthless Will,
On them that dream, doth His judgment wait.
Dreams of the proud man, making great
And greater ever,
Things which are not of God. In wide
And devious coverts, hunter-wise
He coucheth Time's unhasting stride,
Following, following, him whose eyes
Look not to Heaven. For all is vain,
The pulse of the heart, the plot of the brain,
That striveth beyond the laws that live.
And is thy Faith so much to give,
Is it so hard a thing to see,
That the Spirit of God, whate'er it be,
The Law that abides and changes not, ages long,
The Eternal and Nature-born — these things be strong?
What else is Wisdom? What of man's endeavour

Or God's high grace so lovely and so great?
To stand for fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
And shall not Loveliness be loved forever?

A few years ago I was in a community where the Easter anthem by the choir of a certain church was "Mine eyes have seen the glory." The people were ridiculing anyone who would think that the beauty of the lilies made this into an Easter hymn. But after living and thinking a few years, I am convinced that she was right. This is the Easter message:

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet,
For God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on.

—oOo—

Not What, But Whom

CREDO

Not what, but WHOM, I do believe.
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give; —
Not what, but WHOM!
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And His full life of the gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.
Not what I do believe, but WHOM!
WHO walks beside me in the gloom?
WHO shares the burden wearisome?
WHO all the dim way doth illumine,
And bides me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live? —
Not what I do believe,
But WHOM!
Not what,
But WHOM!

—John Oxenham

Presidential Message

Dear Rural Workers,

From this corner of the world it seems a far cry from such places as Freemont, California, Lac la Biche, Alberta, or Fort Yukon, Alaska and many other places in which we have members of R.W.F., and yet the mails continue to bring evidence that these distances are cut down sharply by the simple expedient of Prayer in Fellowship!

This morning I presented two names before God in my morning office — James Jenkins in Minnesota and William Jefferson in Idaho — and although I cannot conjure their faces and forms before my eyes, nevertheless I feel a real kinship with these chaps as we share one Lord and Saviour, in whom we three have common membership.

This might be construed as sentimental thinking if it weren't for a few factors: (i) The Apostles' and other Christians of the early days counted fellowship in prayer as a very real thing; (ii) We in the Church's work, whether urban or rural, have undertaken rather a lonely job, actually cutting ourselves off from many secular enterprises (even though some of us manage to keep close contacts, in this respect, good contacts) and when we get encouragement from others in like positions it is a real help; (iii) We in rural work, especially in the West and parts where distances between fellow workers are so great, frequently are alone, and (finally), your prayer for me before God undoubtedly set loose a spiritual power on my behalf which is real, instantaneous and uplifting!

Our Rural Workers' Fellowship in prayer is a factor for Peace, for Justice, for world Brotherhood and happiness more than we realize perhaps, for we in Country work are rather close to people of the soil and with them "still understand *better than anyone else* the religious conception of man's work in the world" (Lambeth 1948).

God bless you all!

John Peacock, President

—oOo—

Rev. Maxwell Brown, Coldwater, Michigan, would like to have the following issues of Crossroads for his files: Vol. 25, No. 1, Vol. 26 Nos. 1, 3, and 4.

—oOo—

We regret to report that Rev. Fred Smythe of Valley City, North Dakota, one of our most active members for years, has been required by his doctor to relinquish all duties outside his parish and to rest from parish work for several weeks as a result of a heart condition. We pray for his speedy and complete return to health.

Diocesan Magazines: A Survey

Rev. William B. Spafford, Jr.

QUESTIONS:

Who is editor of the diocesan magazine:

- The Bishop
- A non-journalistically trained priest
- A journalistically trained priest
- A non-journalistically trained layman
- A journalistically trained layman

- What is the annual budget for your magazine?
- How much has this budget increased since 1950?

What do you feel about the importance and value of printing the Bishop's diary in each issue?

ANSWERS:

by following bishops:

	#1—Editor	#2—Budget	b.—Increase	Importance
North, Tenn.	a. (nominally)	\$5200	\$2500	When I suggest deleting — or cutting — wave of protest — is read carefully.
ayne, lympia, Wash.	a.	\$4500	\$2100	Printed—in hope that after Diary is read people will pay some attention to what else is in the rag.
agwell, Oregon	e.	\$5500 (12 issues)	\$3100 (Formerly 6 issues)	Try to keep it down to advance notice of appointments.
enner, Kansas	e.	\$3000	\$500	Printed rather fully — as about the only news some parishes and missions get.
oodwin, Va.	c.	\$6800	not comparable ?	Publish "The Bishops' Page," (not Diary); feel this is of greatest importance.
all, N. H.	b.	\$6000	?	not too important
ayden, acramento	b.	\$900	"not very much"	Not important at all
orstick, au Clair	a.	\$900	none	Read by all and sundry
ewis, Nevada	e.	\$1250	\$350	Have never felt any value in monthly Bishop's Diary; each issue has small "Pastoral letter" and schedule for following month or six weeks.
ichtenberger, Mo.	e.	\$4000	only 2 years old	Very little importance and value.
. G., Marmion, Kentucky	e.	\$6250	\$730	Read more than anything else.

W. Marmion, Southwestern Va.	a. (nominally) c. (managing editor)	\$3846	\$350 +	Is a personal contact with our people who seem to read it with great joy — high value.
Moody, Lexington	b.	\$3500	small	"Nuts" — no value whatso- ever.
Peabody, Central N. Y.	b.	\$12,000	\$5700	Don't know how important and valuable — our publica- tion carries schedule in each issue.
Smith, Iowa	b.	\$3600	\$1600	Most widely read feature in our publication.
Warnecke, Bethlehem	b.	\$2090	regular increase	Do not feel that it is either necessary or valuable to print Bishop's Diary.
Welles, West Mo.	a.	\$2500	\$100	Think it boring.

The following are quoted from letters received:

"We don't describe the charming homes in which we are entertained and the delightful children of Mr. and Mrs. Moneybags."

"I think it is important to let people know what the bishop is doing while it is news."

"It is a waste of everybody's time except the time of gossips who wish to follow His Nibs around and see with whom he ate dinner last. I have consistently refused to waste printer's ink with this 'slush'."

"The intent of most diaries seems to be to point up how busy the Bishop is, or to give a public pat on the back to those who have entertained him."

"We are firmly against running a bishop's diary. Few bishops are trained to write in good journalistic style. His position doesn't warrant page after page of cozy personal items about how rainy it was when he drove to Timbuctoo. It is, in short, a bore. It is printed at the cost of news about clergy and laity who make up the church. We sometimes allow ourselves to call a layman 'faithful,' but never 'devoted.' When some dear old lady who is half blind sews a new altar appointment we do allow ourselves to refer to it as 'beautiful.' Our lay people are intensely interested in our running the picture of every clergymen on every 5th anniversary of his ordination — many of them have never seen any but their own parish priest save at rare intervals."

DIVISION DOINGS

By the Staff

National Council Division of Town and Country Work
THE "definitely posed" photograph in this issue of *Crossroads* shows the fine group of clergy who gathered for the Mission Clergy Conference held at the invitation of Bishop Quarterman at the Conference Center of the Diocese of Northwest Texas, Amarillo, and involving representatives from Oklahoma, Salina, Dallas, West Texas, New Mexico and Southwest Texas in addition to Northwest Texas. This was the second annual conference of the group, and plans are already made for a third such conference to be held in January, 1960.

The National Biennial Conference held at Roanridge, April 13-17 will be completely covered in the next issue of *Crossroads*. The Conference was composed of delegates nominated as single representatives of dioceses by their bishops at the invitation of the Division. A Canadian delegation attended under auspices of the Council for Social Service, which issued invitations to Canadian Bishops to name delegates. This meeting begins a new series of such restricted attendance conferences, which will meet only on alternate years.

April Mailings from the Division to all town and country clergy in the United States included materials for Rogation Sunday and the Division Newsletter. The newly revised issue of the "Cross and Plow" Rogationtide processional service was a part of the mailing. R.W.F. members who may have been omitted from the Division town and country mailing list, and who did not receive these mailings, are invited to notify the Division of this omission by writing to The Division of Town and Country, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York.

Interest in "Crossroads" Articles has been shown by outside groups in regard to two recent issues. The Heifer Project, Inc., has asked to make a reprint of the article, "A Journey With Ten Heifers," by Arlo Gottrell in the Nov., 1958 issue; and interest in Rhett Winter's story; "Rural Development in Western North Carolina" in the Feb., 1959 issue, has been shown by the United States Department of Agriculture and the National Council of Churches Department of Town and Country.

The Division Staff has been involved with plans for the recent Roanridge meeting of the National Biennial Episcopal Conference and the National Advisory Committee on Town and Country Work; with operations of the student field training program for the summer ahead; with the Northwest Texas clergy conference, the Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc., the Seminar in Washington, D. C., on the "Christian Farmer and His Government"; and with the continuing operation of the National Town and Country Church Institute at Roanridge Farm, Parkville, Missouri.

The Branch-Smith Printing Co., and Mr. Carey Snyder, its representative, were the objects of a visit in Fort Worth, Texas in January by Associate Secretary, William Davidson. The whole R.W.F. should be grateful for the fine service received from this organization, and especially for the faithful and devoted attention to details of printing and publication of *Crossroads* and the *Prayer Cycle* by Mr. Snyder, a churchman.

Involvement with other Agencies and Departments seems to be a prominent feature of the work of the Division. A recent summary of such activities reveals the following contacts:

1. *Other Departments and Divisions of National Council:*

The Unit of Research and Field Study on both field and staff consultants; The Division of Domestic Missions and Church Expansion, and the Racial Minorities Division, as well as the Department of Christian Social Relations in dealing with Indian Work; The Division of Urban-Industrial Relations in mutual concerns for suburban development; the Department of Christian Education as to missionary education materials, church school by mail, and materials for the very small church school; The Department of Promotion in producing literature and publicizing our work; and with the Overseas Department as its representative in rural missions activities and affairs.

2. *National Council of Churches and Other Inter-Church Agencies —*

with the Division of Home Missions in its ministry to agricultural migrants; with the Department of Town and Country a member of its Committee on Management, Committee on Rural Social and Economic Life as it deals with government agricultural policy and problems of farm labor; and with the Ministry to The National Parks. The Commissions on Missionary Education, Agricultural Missions Inc., the Rural Missions Cooperative Committee, the Christian Rural Fellowship, the Christian Rural Overseas Program (CROP), and the Heifer Project Inc.

3. *Agencies of Government —* the Food and Agriculture Organization

(FAO) of the United Nations; the United States Department of Agriculture, Extension Service especially in Program Relationships, Agricultural Research Service, Forestry Service and Soil Conservation Service; the Rural Development Program administered by the U.S.D.A. with cooperations with other agencies; the Department of Interior, Bureau of Indian Affairs; and the State Land Grant College and Extension Services including 4-H Clubs, Future Farmers of America and Future Homemakers of America.

4. *Other Organizations and Agencies —* such as The American Country

Life Association, The National Association of Soil Conservation Districts, The Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc., The Southern Appalachian Studies, the Great Plains Agricultural Council, and the National Council on Agricultural Life and Labor.

The extent of involvement in particular agencies varies of course, but it is evident in every case that the agency is doing some piece of



Clergy in attendance at the Mission Clergy Conference at Amarillo, Texas, January 20-23. Left to right — front row: the Rev. Messrs. Duran, Salina; Bond, W. Tex.; Adams, W. Tex.; Stokes, Okla.; Wright, Salina; Bishop Lewis, Salina; Davidson, National Council; Miller, N. W. Texas; Hungerford, N. W. Texas; Treadwell, W. Texas; Pratt, Okla.; Gaume, N. Mex. and S. W. Texas. Left to right — back row: the Rev. Messrs. Feallock, Salina; Powell, Okla.; Prunty, Okla.; Todd, W. Texas; Dillinger, Okla.; Campbell, Okla.; Pierce, Salina; Alsen, N. Mex. and S. W. Texas; Canterbury, N. W. Texas; Fasel, W. Texas; Wagg, Salina; Paget, N. Mex. and S. W. Texas; Hoskins, N. W. Texas; Brown, W. Texas.

the Church's work and by cooperating with it the Division feels we are helping ourselves as well as the agency. Nowhere above is listed the many opportunities we have to cooperate with the Anglican Church in Canada through its Council for Social Service; the many fine relationships we have with diocesan departments and agencies; our seminaries; and the host of contacts we make with individual clergy and workers and their parishes and with R.W.F. members throughout the United States and Canada. The Division is indeed privileged to serve a wide variety of needs and assist in many worthy endeavors in the Church's life.

—oOo—

"Findings" has had recently two articles by Rev. Smith L. Lain of Cranridge on church school materials for small churches in the January and March, 1959, issues. These are primarily intended for town and country church schools and deserve your attention.

—oOo—

O God of compassion, if anyone has come to Thine altar troubled in spirit, depressed and apprehensive, expecting to go away as he came, with the same haunting heaviness of soul, hardly daring to hope that anything can afford him the relief he seeks, so surprised by the ill that life can do that he is half afraid to pray; O God, surprise him, we beseech Thee, by the graciousness of Thy help; and enable him to take from Thy bounty as ungrudgingly as Thou givest, that he may leave here his sorrow and take a song away; we ask in the name of Jesus.

Joseph Fort Newton: "Altar Stairs"

Spreading-Thin-Itis

REV. MAXWELL BROWN

SOME number of years ago our rural conferences, in an attempt to strengthen the work of our Church in town and country areas, published frequent warnings about the dangers of priests "spreading themselves too thin" for effective work.

While no doubt there is danger of work being done ineffective and inefficiently when a priest is in charge of numerous missions, and admittedly it is better for a mission to have a resident priest, I am concerned today about an illness that have been produced by the above attempts. This illness I name "Spreading-thin-itis."

We see evidences of this illness in many areas of the Church. Those of us who have been involved in town and country work for a number of years have discovered this illness in many places. There is no one source of the diocese we can point our finger at and make accusations. Rather, the illness is of a creeping sort, that is beginning to paralyze our work in the small town and country area.

Evidences of the illness have been shared with me by a number of bishops. It has also come to my attention in various other ways. To mention some of the cases where the illness has been apparent will no doubt bring other cases to mind.

In my diocese there are numerous places where we have active but small congregations. Some of them are new, some of them will never grow into parish status. From the standpoint of economy it would be a good thing to combine them under the direction of one priest. The bishop interviews candidates for the work. All too often he is told by the candidate: "No, I could not accept the position as I would be spreading myself too thin." Or, in other cases we have the answer: "How could I do effective work if I must take care of two congregations twenty miles apart?"

To such men as our bishop, and to a host of others including myself, such statements almost beyond comprehension. We know that there have been years in which each of us personally has driven many miles every Sunday and during the week, holding services, and doing our pastoral work effectively. Proof is shown in the increased strength of numbers and spiritual attainment in these missions we have served. Many of us are still engaged in work of a similar nature, of equal physical demand.

Are we breeding a generation of "softies" in our priesthood?

Is our missionary vision to take the tender, healing, redeeming Gospel of our Lord a vision that has ceased to have meaning?

Is there no urgency any longer to seek out the lost, and to serve mankind wherever needed regardless of our own personal physical conditions?

Has the desire for a comfortable position nullified the examples we have of our last century priests and bishops who thought nothing of long hours in saddle or stage to do our Lord's work?

What we need is not a philosophy of putting a priest over a single mission, as wonderful as that might be. Rather, we need to have priests who feel the urgency of being spent in the work of God and his Church. For these latter, there is no field too large. There is always time to do more for our God who has given His all to us.

We actually can see the day coming (and perhaps it is already here) when clergy will be more concerned about privileges and comfort than about their vocation as stewards and servants of God.

More power to the diocese that has financial resources to place a priest over one mission, and encourage him to work to build it up. But there are many dioceses and missionary districts that can neither afford this, nor have the conditions for steady growth in communicant strength to warrant such a plan. It is of necessity that in these areas the bishop must find dedicated priests to handle two, three, or even more missions. And a dedicated priest can and will do an effective piece of work in this area, under these conditions. There are many present-day priests doing it.

Let us therefore be careful that we temper our statements about the "ideal" of a priest in every mission. Rather let us recognize that there are all too few ideal situations. We must produce men who are zealous for the Lord, and who will think nothing of travelling many miles on Sundays and during the week, reaching out always with concern to minister to God's children. These are the kind of men we want and need in town and country work. Unfortunately they are too few in numbers. Unfortunately too many are ill with the disease "spreading-thin-itis."

Let us who have a multifold field of endeavor strive to show forth a good harvest for our Lord, and give inspiration and help to those who show symptoms of succumbing to this disease.

—oOo—

NEW ADDRESSES

- Rev. Thomas C. Akeley, Grace Church, New Market, Maryland
- Rev. Thomas F. Frisby, 212 Division St., Marshall, Michigan
- Rev. Robert Greene, St. Andrew's Rectory, Lac La Biche, Alberta
- Rev. Davis C. Herron, Box 272, Elmira New York
- Rev. Richard Hewetson, 1021 8th St., International Falls, Minnesota
- Rev. E. H. Jones, Box 8116, San Antonio 12, Texas
- Rev. A. C. Lichtenberger, 281 4th Avenue, New York 10, New York
- Rev. Herbert K. Lodden, Evans Mills, New York
- Rev. W. A. Perschbacher, 223 Willis, Bad Axe, Michigan
- Rev. Burns K. Seeley, Rte. 1, Grand Junction, Michigan
- Rev. H. K. Shurvin, Box 658, Shaunavon, Saskatchewan
- Rev. Horace G. Watts, D. D., 208 4th Ave. West, Prince Rupert, British Columbia

She May Have Been a Saint

IT was almost a happy funeral. There was a serenity about it. There were only half-a-dozen there. Cars raced by and the city knew only from a scant notice in the paper of one of whom few of them had heard. But it was one of the finest funerals I had ever held. She was with God now, as she had always longed to be.

She had wished all her life for God. As a child in an old Southern family, with antebellum manner as late as the turn of the twentieth century, she wanted something beyond this world. Her reluctant family finally let her go to an Episcopal convent for a year. Her health was frail, and she was not allowed by the convent superior to stay a second year, as unlikely to survive the stern routine of monastic life. She outlived all who stayed.

In middle age she was offered marriage by a man more than twice as old, a Union war veteran who wanted a housekeeper and companion and who had a sinecure at a Federal Cemetery. She accepted on the condition that they never live as man and wife. And so, though married, she lived her life of devotion as a secular but conscientious nun. Such behavior was too much for the narrow sectarians of her community, and they were sure she was mentally unbalanced. The town of nine thousand had one Catholic and a dozen Episcopalians, and the community sensed that she belonged to a different city, although it never occurred to them that it might be the city of God.

When her husband died, a niece invited her to stay. The host promptly packed the aunt off to a mental hospital and took the few thousand dollars she and her husband had saved. By some accident she was able to get in touch with a judge who knew her husband and he secured her release. This event fortified her determination to live apart from the world. For the rest of her years, she feared any visitor might be trying to take her back to the hospital, and she refused to open her door to anyone she did not know or to most whom she did know. With the little she had left, she had a two room cottage built a dozen blocks from the main part of town and there she spent the years as they came.

She read no newspapers and had no radio. She never visited or had visitors. She went infrequently to the grocery, and the grocer was the only one with whom she spoke more than a polite salutation. She did not go to church, for she had her own communion with God.

We lost sight of her for some years. I tried to get her on Social Security, but she was afraid that signing papers might take her back to the hospital. How she lived on the little savings and the small garden she had, we never knew. But she bought enough to keep her

ing, and she did not care for more. Her little home was almost immaculate within, and she was always clad in clean clothes, though not of recent date. In her parlor were the trunks which contained the family clothes and relics, and which she treasured for a generation long since gone. She lived in the past with them, and she and God had a little room to themselves.

When we found her again after years, she asked us if there hadn't been a war or something like that going. She thought that that was why more trains went by her home. How could anyone live within a dozen blocks of the courthouse and not hear of a war in any way during four long years? It was possible for an anchorite in the ancient Egyptian desert to live apart from time, or for a recluse in a medieval monastery, but could it happen in 1945 in America, within sight of a mainline railroad and a U. S. Highway?

We were unable to get others to see her, but she did not regret it. She shyly opened her latched door for brief visits with us in which she dwelt in a past but also there were more implications of the present than what she did not say. We sent her a few church papers, which gave her a small window into the world around. And she and God had the same companionship.

Last fall I happened to pick up the local paper on my biweekly visit to the town, and I read that she had died the day before, almost unknown. I went to the funeral parlor and found that none knew anything of her church or her relatives. The tall spire of a new church impressed her niece, so she decided to have the pastor of that edifice hold the service. I called him; he knew nothing about her and said he had enough to do burying Baptists. I called the niece and told her she owed the old lady a service of her own faith. She consented, so long as it was a short service. She did not even want to pay for the funeral until the mortician told her that he would take it out of any estate that might turn up. The federal government had taken some of the family land for a dam, and she had never answered letters they sent, so this money was in escrow in a bank. The niece was concerned to get the funeral over in a hurry so she could get to the bank and see how much was there.

It was a short service. The strangeness of it impressed me and I drove up from a church conference and told those with me about it. Two of us, the niece, her husband, and the funeral director were the congregation. We went out after the service to the Federal Cemetery where her husband was buried, and where the not over-bright present incumbents waited. The sun shone bright, and the few flowers would have been pitiful had it been anyone else. But there was a serenity and do not always feel at funerals. For she was with God, where she had always wanted to be. Perhaps I had been privileged to know a saint.

— (from the *Living Church*)

The Western North Carolina Chapter

Capt. Thomas G. Wheat, C.A.

R.W.F. Provincial Representative, 4th Province

IN May of 1953 the Rev. Rhett Y. Winters, Jr., then of Murphy, N. C., feeling the need for fellowship with others facing the common problems of mission work, wrote the missionary clergy and lay workers of this diocese, suggesting periodic meetings.

Following his suggestion, those of the diocese who attended the Supervisors' Conference at Valle Crucis that June remained to discuss the proposal. The Rev. Rufus Morgan, a member of the Rural Workers' Fellowship, pointed out that there was already an organization dedicated to the same aims we were discussing. He suggested that all interested persons join the R.W.F., and that the local meeting be organized as a diocesan chapter of the R.W.F. This proposal was adopted and acted upon.

Though we had no precedent nor any charter issued by the officers of the international organization, we have consistently called our group the Western North Carolina Chapter of the Rural Workers' Fellowship and have so far resisted all proposals to admit any form of membership in the chapter other than regular membership in the parent organization. All local meetings, however, are open to all interested persons, members or not, and as wide a participation as possible is actively solicited.

The first full meeting under this plan was held in September of that year, with Mr. Winters as President and the Rev. Roland Whetstone, then of Cherokee, as Secretary. The Rev. Roger Sherman presented a study of missionary clergy salaries and car allowances in the adjacent dioceses. A survey of the diocese to ascertain the need for Church School by mail was also undertaken. Though this group is not primarily an action group, the action in presenting the salary report to the Department of Missions brought concrete action. The Church School by mail idea, however, did not.

The chapter meets three times yearly. The S. & W. Cafeteria in Asheville has been the most popular meeting place, though occasional rebellion on the grounds that a rural organization ought to meet in the country took us to Patterson School, Valle Crucis, and other places. Naturally, attendance was usually higher in Asheville, the fleshpot of the city being more attractive to the country cousins than some other rural place.

Subjects considered have been, preaching missions (revivals) and evangelism, mission clinics, music, the liturgical movement, music, and provincial town and country work. Outside speakers have been the Rev. E. D. Butt on books for the rural ministry, the Rev. Jack Waldrep on

the Lord's Acre, and the Rev. Norman Foote conducting a Town and Country Institute.

A high point in fellowship was the occasion at Bessemer City when Bishop Henry presented the Rural Fellowships Awards to Mr. George Wiese and Mr. John T. Oxford in the presence of the R.W.F. members.

In 1958 the Rev. N. C. Duncan suggested meetings planned especially for the laity. These were held at St. Mary's near Morganton, for the Morganton Convocation, and at St. Francis', Cherokee, for the Asheville Convocation. About thirty persons attended each of these, representing six congregations at the first meeting and about 12 at the second.

The programs began with Evening Prayer and an address by the diocesan president about 4:30 Sunday evening. The congregation then divided into small groups, each presided over by two laymen, one presenting the subject and the other leading the discussion. The subject was "The Five Marks of a Healthy Parish" as set forth by Bishop Smich. Two points were presented before supper. After supper the groups convened again with the same leaders and considered the last three points. Most or all of the participants were from "town and country" so the subject was dealt with from that point of view. A general meeting that included reports from the groups and a promotion of the R.W.F. among the lay people concluded the program.

The present state of the group is good. Western North Carolina has 8 members listed in the 1959 Prayer Cycle. The dioceses of Kentucky and Florida have four apiece, and no other diocese in the Fourth Province has over two. Most of our members have joined as a result of the activity of the local group. The whole slate of 1958 officers was reelected this March 2nd and is as follows: The Rev. Welch Tester, President, The Rev. Floyd Finch, Vice-President, and the Rev. Rhett Y. Winters, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer. The Executive Committee consists of these plus the past president, the Rev. Wm. L. Russell, and two appointees, the Rev. Jack Tucker and Capt. Tob Wheat.

There is a close association with the Southern Town and Country Church Institute, as almost all the candidates for the ministry from the diocese have attended it, and many of the older men have either attended or been closely associated with it.

The meetings of the chapter are primarily for fellowship, in which learning together takes a chief place. Some of our discussions have resulted in concrete results, such as the operation of mission clinics by the diocese, but many do not. Our aim was early expressed by Mr. Winters in these words: "The Church must face its responsibility in rural areas. It (the R.W.F.) is not a pressure group but a fellowship. It is to revive interest in Town and Country areas where we have been beaten at the job. We must see common needs and problems that we can share insights. We are not to complain to the Executive Council, but rather to hold up to it our special needs and then help them direct their policy."

Some Memories

Holly Wilberforce Wells

I WAS born at Sing Sing, New York (later re-named Ossining), a village of ten thousand inhabitants situated on the east bank of the Hudson River thirty miles north of New York City. I was born in the home of my mother's parents, Jesse Holly and Mary Elizabeth Platt, and my birthday was September eleventh, 1877. My sister Alice Mary was born two years later on October fifth in the same house. The house stood facing Croton Avenue, one of the principal residential streets; it was painted white with green shutters; it had a pillared porch with a pair of windows on each side of the front door. At the street level it was two stories in height with big chimneys at the end of the long roof, but in the rear where the ground was lower there was a basement. A high picket fence 140 feet in length separated the property from the sidewalk, beyond the sidewalk stood a row of unusually tall sycamore trees, the middle of the street had a macadam pavement. A brick walk led from the front gate to the porch steps between two big box bushes and the distance may have been 30 to 35 feet. Level grass plots lay at right and left of this walk and reached beyond the corners of the house. The one on the left then dropped down a few feet to form a sunken lawn, known as the croquet ground, that reached on backward past that end of the house. Just under the fence a sort of terrace with a retaining wall of rough stones brought the ground up to the street level. This terrace was always full of lily of the valley. A cherry tree grew close by. The grass plot on the right was bounded by a paved driveway or alley which was entered through a wide gate in the fence and led on past its end of the house to the barn in the rear. The remaining space from the alley to the next neighbor's property line was occupied by my grandfather's vegetable garden. This was no ordinary garden, people going by on the sidewalk would often stop and gaze at it admiringly.

The barn was an interesting place. It was a two story structure not large but of good design. A pointed gable in the middle of the upper story held a round dial marked with the points of the compass, and a sort of moving clock hand registered the shiftings of the weather vane above the roof. The right end of the barn was on a line with the end of the house, so that coal wagons coming down the alley could pass also by the end of the barn. There they would stop and throw the coal in through shuttered windows placed at a convenient height. The coal was always anthracite, and I liked the ring of the iron shovels as the coal slid from them and rattled on the big bins inside. Garden tools were kept in the barn and barrels of apples and potatoes. A snug cellar would also be used when needed. Upstairs my mother's brother Lewis Platt had his work shop — of which I shall

have more to say later. The entire space between the barn and the house was paved with brick for convenience in wet weather.

A vague line drawn along the front of the barn and extending to right and left divided the front premises from the rear. Several big grape arbors stood along this line with some peach trees and pear trees. One especially good pear, the Tyson, had a red cheek. The lower end of the garden reached to this line. Here were the asparagus bed and the strawberry bed (we had plenty of strawberries). Here too were currant bushes and raspberry bushes and a patch of rhubarb (appropriately called pie plant). During the summer a hop vine over the sunny end of the barn when the hops were ripe new vines would be pulled down and the hops gathered to be made into liquid yeast. All this belonged to the front premises. Back of this line and back of the barn itself was a large apple orchard reaching all the way to the next street which was known as Dale Avenue. In this orchard were several sorts of apples that I have never since met with. On one of the trees a boat swing hung from a horizontal limb, and when my sister and I were little children we would swing in it — or just sit there while I made up stories. Robins, bluebirds, wood-thrushes, catbirds nested in the orchard. Orioles preferred the tall sycamores on the front street.

My grandmother had many flowers. I think there was no special garden, but the flowers themselves were more or less everywhere. Of course there were many roses, I remember in particular a moss rose and a jacqueminot. I am sure there were violets, tulips, pansies, lilies, geraniums. Other names that come to mind are bleeding heart, fuchsia, heliotrope, hyacinth, gladiolus. A row of big peonies grew along the front porch and my sister and I used to filch the petals to pop them on the back of our hands. A tall wax plant was held in high regard, it had to be brought into the house in cold weather. When a neighbor had a night-blooming cereus that was about to open the neighborly thing was to go over at the proper time to witness the opening.

Thinking now of the inside of the house, I know there was gas lights in all the rooms but no lamp light. Anthracite coal burned in stoves and open grates was the only fuel. In the living room (called sitting room) a base burner glowed continuously night and day from the first cold days in autumn until pleasant weather was well established in the spring. Then it would be removed and stored in the barn. The dining room and kitchen were in the basement, separated by a narrow hall and stairway, and the dining room windows looked out upon the croquet ground. On the main floor a wide hall led from the front door to a back door, and this opened onto a broad flight of steps leading down onto the brick pavement. The stairway in the hall had brass stair rods and a smooth balustrade; my usual manner of descending the stairs was to straddle the balustrade and slide. As you entered the front door the room on the left was called the parlor, a rather large and long

room with two windows in each of three outside walls. All six of the windows had long lace curtains hanging from gilt tops. You looked up at a molded ceiling with a glass globed chandellier hanging from it and you stood on a Brussels carpet (I think there were oversize roses on the carpet). Mahogany chairs and a sofa were cushioned in black haircloth. My mother's square piano stood in the far end of the room. The big chimney between the windows on the side wall had an open grate set in a white marble mantel with its hearth and brass fender. On the mantel shelf stood a black marble clock, some vases and two gilt candlesticks with glass prisms that dangled and caught the light. A capacious book case with three wide glass doors displayed handsome volumes, most of them in "sets". I remember Irving's *Life of Washington*, Abbott's *Life of Napoleon*, Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*. I think they were not often read. The parlor was chiefly a place for receiving important visitors; for example, Dr. Phraner, the Presbyterian minister, who came fairly often and filled the room with a pastoral presence and a pulpit voice.

In the sitting room across the hall the books were easier to get hold of and to read. A pleasant little volume bound in green with gilt edges caught my fancy while I was still a small boy. It had selected poems of Robert Burns with a glossary. I mastered the glossary and read the poems. I think they were the first poems I ever did read but I soon grew fond also of *Hiawatha* and *The Lady of the Lake*. There were a few annual issues of "Chatterbox" and some children's books, mostly Christmas and birthday gifts from my uncle William Wells. But the most enjoyable of all reading was that furnished by "St. Nicholas" when it came month by month with its wonderful stories by Frank R. Stockton and James T. Trowbridge. I now know that those Trowbridge tales were perfect pictures of rural life in upstate New York at the middle of the last century. When "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was running as a serial it made a conquest of the entire family; my mother would read it aloud after supper on the first evening of its arrival. Near the front windows of the sitting room my grandfather had his desk and would often write there, using a gold pen with an ivory pen holder. His bed room was back of the sitting room, my grandmother's room was upstairs.

As I think of my grandfather and how much my mother resembled him I know that, in appearance at least, I am more a Platt than a Wells. The main outlines of his head and face and figure were like mine, but the countenance was much better looking and he never lost his hair. Even after it had turned white it was abundant. Things my mother told me about him — echoes of her childhood — come now to mind. He was a Knight Templar, he played a slide trombone in the local band, he was the tenor singer and leader in the Presbyterian quartette and his tuning fork was the only instrument they needed or desired. When the new church was built it was he who was commissioned to go to New York and select the bell for the steeple. I have

heard many church bells but none with as sweet a tone as the one my grandfather selected. For many years he was the owner and publisher of the "Sing Sing Republican," the local paper, and I seem to remember that his editorials had some local fame. He must have been well-to-do, for he sent his son through Princeton College and the law school and kept his daughter in Miss Somebody's finishing school for young ladies. My grandmother told me that she used to have two good servants. Plainly it was Holly Platt's time of prosperity. Then came his time of tribulation, suddenly to him as to Job. He endorsed notes in a large amount for a friend who defaulted. The "Sing Sing Republican" was sold to satisfy the debt. I don't know just when this occurred, but I think it was before I was born. He came near being appointed postmaster of Sing Sing, but not near enough. He always had some kind of employment until his health failed, but his earnings now were small. My father who told me about it years afterward said that he had met his reverses with manly dignity and fortitude and seemingly without bitterness.

He may have had an even greater trial in the failure of his son to win at law practice. He had named the boy Lewis after his own elder brother, a highly successful lawyer in White Plains, the county seat, one of whose sons later became a judge in the New York Supreme Court; why then should there not be another Lewis Platt, likewise a lawyer and successful? The dream needs no interpreter. The younger Lewis Platt was graduated from Princeton College, then from the law school, then — then what. I do not know. He had plenty of general intelligence, had been a good student and a good baseball player, no doubt he made an effort to become a practicing lawyer. He could have been a first rate carpenter and builder, an expert cabinet maker, some kind of mechanical engineer, perhaps even an inventor. In his upstairs workshop in the barn he had a lathe, a cabinet maker's bench, a wonderful chest of tools with every cutting edge keen as a razor and never a trace of rust. He could construct anything, and found pleasure in all of it. If he could have received the vocational guidance which today any boy may have for the asking he might have been started on a really distinguished career. Princeton College was all right, he was entitled to that, but he should never have entered the law school. It makes me think of Dominie Sampson, the "stickit minister", and the contemptuous estimate of him in his little home community. It was said of him that whatever inward distress he may have had he gave no token of it, and I think the same might be said of Lewis Platt. He closed his law office and lived at home, doing whatever his hand found to do. It found plenty to do when the financial reverses came and there were no hired servants. He mowed the lawns in summer and shoveled snow in winter. He helped in the garden and the orchard, digging the potatoes and picking the apples and storing them in the barn. It was he who made and hung the boat swing in the orchard. He brought in coal and carried out the ashes. He helped his mother

with her flowers and the heavier housework. She called him her "little giant," for though a rather small man he was active and muscular and never knew a sick day. He took care of his clothes and made always a neat appearance. On one occasion (I remember this) a woman who had a club paper to write on the civilization of ancient Egypt appealed to him for help. He wrote the paper himself and it was received with acclaim. His only outside interests were the Presbyterian Church and the Young Men's Christian Association, and his only physical indulgence was Bull Durham tobacco for his pipe at five cents a sack. Years later, when his parents died and the property was sold, people wondered what Lewis Platt would do. I do not clearly remember, but I think he went to work for a friendly carpenter, and probably was allowed to do jobs for himself in his employer's shop. There was a rumor that he was receiving help from a "secret friend" but no one seemed to know who the friend was — none of the family knew. It was not until he died at a fairly ripe age that the secret came out. The secret friend was the Presbyterian Church. I think there was a good deal of religion in the Presbyterian Church of Sing Sing. It was careful not to let its left hand know what its right hand did, and that is good Gospel. I also think that Lewis Platt's name ought to be remembered on All Saints' Day. I wonder if he knows I am writing this? I hope so.

I can just remember when Miss Helen Roscoe came to live with us, to share expenses and help with the housework. She was Grandmother's first cousin, but a younger woman. We always called her Cousin Helen. Her income, derived from rental property, could not have been large, yet she was always making gifts with it, especially to "Alice" and her children, and she knitted and sewed for us incessantly. Each year when my birthday came around she would take the three of us to New York for a holiday. In the morning there would be shopping at Lord and Taylor's, then dinner at a Broadway restaurant, and in the afternoon a visit to Central Park "to see the wild animals." One year, instead of going to Central Park, we went to Barnum's Circus and saw the famous Jumbo, an immense African (not Indian) elephant clad in a red blanket. Cousin Helen had interesting things in her room, in particular her music box. Like all the Platt tribe she was a convinced and devoted Presbyterian and thought Dr. Phraner was all that a Christian minister should be.

My mother at this time was no longer a Presbyterian, having come into the Episcopal Church with my father. So on Sundays she took her children to Trinity Church where one George W. Ferguson was the rector. He had a beautiful voice. In the pew in front of ours we would see Mr. Benjamin More, a son of the Clement C. More who wrote "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and a certain Mr. Hand who owned a big mastiff. I liked to get to church in time to hear the tramp-tramp of the cadets from Dr. Gibson's military school as they marched down the aisle and filed into the seats reserved for them. Mr. Warren Kearny of New Orleans told me that he was in that school during most

of his boyhood years, and as he was older than I he was probably one of those Sunday cadets whom I saw and heard. Dr. Gibson himself, the head master, would put on vestments and assist Mr. Ferguson. He usually read the Litany, and when he prayed for deliverance from "the crafts and 'saints of the devil" I always thought of epsom salt as something one might pray to be delivered from — quite cordially.

It was Mother who gave us our first lessons in reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, though I think the whole family had some share in the business. Uncle Lewis in particular would sometimes quiz me at the dinner table in such matters as whole numbers and fractions, and once he said to his father with a smile: "You can't catch Holly with a fraction." I think these lessons were begun for us at an early age, and I am sure this was true of the reading lessons, for I can hardly remember a time when I could not read. Probably I had a first or second reader, but the only text I can recall is a handsome copy of Charlotte M. Yonge's "Stories of English History" that had large print and pictures. I can hear my grandmother saying solemnly, "All print is now open to him!" It was she who told us the Bible stores and sometimes read them aloud. There were daily spelling lessons. The family seemed to think words were important, and the big Webster's dictionary in the sitting room was always conveniently placed; but I seem to remember that when anyone needed to know the spelling or meaning of a word the usual practice was simply to ask Grandfather.

Mother tried to give us something in the way of piano practice, but we never got far along with it. When, however, I said I wished I could play the violin it brought results. My Uncle William Wells in Philadelphia bought me a violin of three quarter size (later I had a full size one) and paid for my instruction under Herr Volker, a grave and ceremonious German. I remember his pained yet polite surprise at finding that I did not know all about the musical "keys" with their sharps and flats. Probably he could not more remember when he did not know about the keys than I can now remember when I could not read. I may say here that a few years later, when we were living in Vineland, New Jersey, the violin lessons were resumed under one Louis Jobin, a French peasant from Franche-Compte, who had a little truck farm nearby and was glad to get a bit of extra money. He had a low opinion of Germans, and when Father pleaded that they were an educated people he replied, "educated blockheads!"

Mother took her children to visit the Platts of White Plains. It was the only time I ever saw any of them. We stayed there several days, and Mrs. Platt, my great aunt, gave me serious instruction about the behaviour proper for a boy. She was a magisterial dame who had been Eliza Popham of "the Pophams" of Scarsdale, New York. On another occasion we went out to the Van Cortlandt manor house at Croton, New York, a historic mansion built during the sixteen hundreds. The owner and occupant at this time was a Mrs. Matthews, the wife of a chaplain in the Navy, but Mother had known her in former years as

Kate Van Cortlandt. This was a very pleasant visit. The big house framed with wide porches and set in the midst of shade trees and flowers was a lovely dwelling; but I suspect that when it was first built it was more like a grim fortress. The brick walls were three feet thick, pierced at intervals with narrow slits (narrow on the outside at least) where gun barrels could be poked through to shoot Indians. One of these slits had been kept open as a matter of historic interest. In the dining room hung a portrait of Joseph Brant, the famous Mohawk chief.

There were other distinguished Knickerbocker families in Sing Sing and vicinity: Provoosts, Van Kleeks, Van Wycks, Van Dusens. They lived in big old houses with big old attics full of spinning wheels and warming pans and such like things. Mother knew some of these folks and they always made her welcome. But as I think of it now the most interesting home in Sing Sing was the Cartwright home where George Cartwright, an old bachelor, lived with his sisters Elizabeth and Louisa. They were English people and their house was an argosy of treasure, a full cargo of it, out of an English past. I think of it as a Henry Esmond past; the furniture and portraits could have been in Rachel Esmond's quiet home in Kensington; could the rapier of sinister aspect have been there? The heavy silver and ancient china certainly could, and the enormous punch bowl. The Cartwrights make me think of the Thornes of Ullathorne in Trollope's "Barchester Towers." When we went to tea with the Cartwrights, which was rather often, Cousin Hellen was always with us, for she and the Cartwright sisters were warm friends. It must not be supposed that my sister and I had no playmates of our own age. We did have them: the Griffin children in the house beyond the garden fence, the young Johnsons farther up the street, and some others.

During most of these Sing Sing years as I have tried to recall them, my father was living with his father in Philadelphia and we saw little of him. The simple but sad reason of this was that he was not earning enough to have the family with him, though I am sure he sent Mother as much money as he could. It must have been a trying experience for both of them. I do not well understand it. I know that Father had his first meeting with Mother while he was teaching Latin and Greek in the Mount Pleasant Military Academy in Sing Sing. The day was the 13th of June (it was always a school holiday) but I do not know the year. It may have been 1870. It was soon after his return from Germany. I know that at some time he came into the Episcopal Church (he had been born and brought up a Quaker) and that he gave up the teaching profession and became a clergyman. Again I do not know the precise dates. The Platt family Bible shows that the Reverend Wilberforce Wells and Alica Josephine Platt were married in January 1875 in the home of the bride (no doubt in the long parlor). They went to live in Branchtown, Pennsylvania, where Father was rector of the parish. It may have been his first parish. It was there they knew the famous Fanny Kemble who had been a Shakespearean actress and her grand-

on Owen Wister who became a distinguished novelist. I think they were happy in Branchtown — certainly I never heard of any parish troubles — and I do not know why they left it. I only know that somehow it became necessary for Mother to find refuge in her old home and for Father likewise to retreat to his.

In a sketch of Father's life which I wrote about twelve years ago I said he was led to seek ordination through the influence of the brilliant and fascinating Dr. Percival, rector of a Philadelphia parish, and that he began his ministry, so to speak, under Catholic auspices. In this I was mistaken. An old letter of my Uncle Howard's, which I had forgotten but have lately read, states that both he and Wilberforce came into the Episcopal Church at the same time and through the influence of Dr. Eccleson, another Philadelphia rector whom they loved and revered. It was Dr. Eccleson, not Dr. Percival, who encouraged Wilberforce to seek ordination and made it easy for him. Uncle Howard declares emphatically that Dr. Eccleson was "low-church" and that Wilberforce when he began his ministry was "low-church" also. If he had remained "low-church" his professional career would have been very different and much happier, for Dr. Eccleson had large influence, he believed in Wilberforce and would have helped him in every way. Uncle Howard was no doubt correct in all this — he usually knew what he was talking about. So if the Branchtown experience was a happy one this letter of his gives the reason I have read some of Father's sermons written at Branchtown, and they were certainly beautiful.

But he changed his ways! I reckon it was at this time (and not earlier as I had supposed) that he began to feel Dr. Percival's fascination. There was also a certain Father Maturin, a rector of St. Clement's parish in Philadelphia. He belonged to the monastic order of St. John the Evangelist, and had a few members of the same order as his assistants in the parish. They all lived together in what they called the clergy house which was in fact a small monastery. Father Maturin was a powerful preacher, and Dr. Percival was — Dr. Percival! I met him once, and I know. Percival and Maturin were a strong team. I wish Father had had the prudence of Ulysses who made his sailors tie him to the mast when they sailed by the Sirens. He seems to have become more and more convinced that Catholic theology, Catholic discipline, Catholic ceremonial, the Catholic movement in all its works and ways, was the truth of the Gospel. Perhaps he thought it said to him, "He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." I am merely surmising.

What I know is that he went to live in the St. Clement's clergy house, of course as a temporary measure, assisting in the work of the parish and receiving a small stipend, trusting that Maturin and the others would help him to get a Catholic parish. This however they would not do. They were glad enough to get him as a recruit, but would not help him to any preferment because he was a married man and they were sedulously striving for a celibate clergy. I have heard

Father say this many a time. Uncle Howard, however, thinks this was not the whole story. He says that Maturin did warn Wilberforce that he need not expect preferment, and that both Maturin and Percival said they never knew where to place Wells nor what he would do next. He claimed to belong to their group, yet he was always making fun of them, writing humorous and satirical articles about them and their ways and getting his stuff published in the church papers. I must say that I once read such an article of his, entitled "Father Rhinoceros," and that while it was exceedingly clever it was most imprudent. The result of it was that Father could not secure any permanent work. He did whatever he could find to do; supply work up and down the Hudson River, tutoring perhaps now and then; but for most of the time he lived with his father in Philadelphia while Mother lived with her father in Sing Sing.

When I was nine years old and my sister seven a change came. Father got work with the American reprint of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. It was to be only temporary, to be sure, but it was congenial and it paid a good salary. The editor-in-chief, Dr. D. O. Kellogg, set up an office in connection with his home in Vineland, New Jersey, and Father was to work there with him. We rented a furnished house, and for more than a year lived in peace and real comfort. There was a strawberry patch. The new life was a great relief for Mother. She was still our teacher, but Father's direction and oversight was a real help. As I have said, my violin lessons were now resumed. When the work with Dr. Kellogg came to an end Father was elected rector of Christ Church in Millville, a town nearby. The parish was small and poor, but he was thankful to have it and began his new duties in a mood of hope. In Millville we came to know a wonderful family, the Atwaters. Richard Atwater was the chemist for a large manufacturing concern. His wife and he were both New Englanders in whom the New England culture at its most beautiful best read and thought. They laughed and sang, danced and swam in the sea. They had a big house in Millville with plenty of ground around it, and a summer camping shack at the Sea Isle. In all this their many children found a real home. There was nothing like it in Millville, a large and rather crude town, and they soon decided that they would rather send their children to Mr. Wells than to the public school. So we had school in our dining room every day, Wellses and Atwaters together, and Father was the school master.

After a year or more of this, the news came that Grandfather had been sent to bed with some kind of heart trouble and was in a serious condition. Mother at once took me with her to Sing Sing to be with him. We had not been there long when Grandmother had a cerebral hemorrhage and was likewise in bed, her right side completely paralyzed. It was an anxious time. Mother and Cousin Helen took care of her. Uncle Lewis took care of his father. A good Irish servant was engaged for the housework. Dr. Phraner came to visit his old parishioners

ed renew their faith in the Saviour. I think he did it well. One day Uncle Lewis found that his father had quietly died while lying in a reclining chair by the open window in his bed room. "Grandfather must not know," we were told; but she guessed from the altered hands in the house below. It brought on another hemorrhage and she too died — less than two days after her husband. There was a double funeral in the Presbyterian Church. The old friends and neighbors were there in a large company. Dr. Phraner preached a memorial sermon full of affectionate remembrance. A quartette sang "Forever with the Lord" and "Asleep in Jesus."

Father meanwhile had been elected rector of St. Philip's parish in Belmont, the county seat of Allegany County in Western New York. Belmont seemed a more promising field than Millville. We lived there five years. They were harsh years for Father because of trouble with the parishioners, but as in Millville he had a lot of interesting pupils, and the daily school work in the dining room was a right serious business — in the study as well as the dining room. His most distinguished pupils were the two Ward brothers, sons of Hamilton Ward, the leading lawyer of Belmont, afterward some kind of judge. John Ward, the younger of the two, was one of the best fellows I have ever known. He entered the ministry about the time I did, was a really great chaplain during the first World War, and after the war was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Erie, Pennsylvania. Father might have trouble with some people, but he seldom failed to attract young men of ability. The Ward brothers were devoted to him. For my part, it was in Belmont that I got my first real knowledge of boys and their ways — also of girls and their ways. I learned to swim and to skate, to paddle canoe and to play tennis. The tennis crowd had dance parties in their homes and I was included. I wish my sister had been. In Belmont likewise I first awoke to the charm and wonder of wild birds. I came rather suddenly and unaccountably, I think, but it is a light that has never failed.

From Belmont we removed to Lebanon Springs in Columbia County, a quiet little hamlet in the hills, almost in Massachusetts, leaning against the larger hills — the Berkshires — they lay beyond the state line. Lebanon Springs was the first of a series of Lebanons strung out along the old turnpike road: New Lebanon, Lebanon Center, West Lebanon. It has a big and very old summer hotel built round a once famous warm spring, and in the days of Washington, Adams and Jefferson it was a fashionable resort. The old hotel register with the signature of the Marquis deLafayette as one of the guests was treasured and proudly displayed. It was no longer fashionable, to be sure, yet each summer a good many pleasant people would come to it and be welcomed by the year round residents. Each night there would be dances in the old ball room, the town people would be apt to attend, "and a good time would be had by all." My sister who was a really good dancer enjoyed these dances hugely. In New Lebanon lived the Tilden

family, fairly well-to-do people, kin to the great Samuel J. Tilden who generously waived his claim to be President of the United States. The Lebanon farmers and country folk might have a rustic look, but they had much more refinement than the people of like degrees whom we had known in Belmont. They represented an older civilization. Gentility is a subtle thing, more easily recognized than described. Father had an easier time with his Lebanon parishioners. One of his best friends was a plain but prosperous farmer who was a diligent reader of Jonathan Edwards and understood his theology surprisingly well. My sister and I had good times with the young people of the neighborhood, especially after Cousin Lily came to board with us. There were picnics and straw-rides and country dances. I enjoyed knowing a young farmer named Charley Carpenter who drove good horses and played the violin. We gave recitals in rural churches and school houses over a pretty wide country-side, and the people came out to hear us. It was good fun.

But what brings now the warmest glow is the memory of solitary rambles along country roads or through the wooded hills, mostly in Massachusetts, sometimes to points of interest like the locally famous "balanced rock" (I made a sketch of it that day) or to a beauty spot like Wahconah Falls; sometimes uncharted explorations through the big woods, as on the day I discovered Berry Pond by wading up the stream that I knew must be the pond's outlet. That day I was John Ridd invading the Doone country and finding Lorna. They were mostly day-long rambles — I thought nothing of going twenty miles in a day — and the best days were those when I fetched up by the ravine on the side of Tower Mountain at twilight and paused to listen to the hermit thrushes. Then nearer home I would stop at Alex Smith's farm when he was milking, and get a drink of fresh warm milk from the pail itself — unstrained. I had no fear of germs. These lines from "Tintern Abbey" I can partly verify:

"The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

Father ministered in Lebanon for eight years, and died there. As his spirit ripened I think it grew sweeter, and that some angel faces, loved long since but lost a while, now smiled again. He used to say that he left the Society of Friends because he could not accept their doctrine of the "inner light," he must have some external authority on which to rely. So he turned to "the faith once delivered to the saints," "semper ubique et ab omnibus." In his preaching and teaching he made much of miracles, they were objective proofs; they might even be thought

as Christ's own credentials. The Apostolical Succession with its monopoly of "binding and loosing" might be the keeper of one's conscience and relieve one of the necessity of "following the gleam." The Anglican Communion, the religion of the bishop and the book, was good — perhaps good enough. Call this Dr. Eccleson. Well and good. But perhaps it was *not* good enough; it said authority, but perhaps not enough authority. Maturin and Percival said more authority, they might be right. All this seems to say that Father did not *disbelieve* in the "inner light," he only feared it and fled from it; if one should really trust it, who could say what it might lead one into? He was essentially a Mystic, but a self-distrustful Mystic, so he would banish the Mystic element from his soul. He did so, but there remained a Mystic-shaped void where it had been. Then divers tenants with dubious credentials moved in but had uneasy residence — they hardly belonged. They were newcomers where another Presence had once resided — a Presence having better title-deeds: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." This may explain why Father sought an entrance into the St. Clement's clergy house, and also why he made fun of much that he found there. Thompson's famous poem, "The Hound of Heaven," seems to tell the story of all such experiences:

"Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest me"
 "Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest me."

All this may be true of Father, I think it is, but I also know that in his darkest hours his personal faith in God's love never faded out. He would go to the piano, and play, and softly sing:

"He watching over Israel
 Slumbers not, nor sleeps."

Father was a "friend" all his days. He now knows how foolish it was to fear. He has joined the Shepherd's flock once more. "And one shall take them out of my hand."

—oOo—

Suggestions received for the next National Convocation of the National Council of Churches:

"Could we have the hand clapping eliminated in church?"

"Could tapes be made of speeches that we could buy later?"

"Is luncheon a rural word?"

"Could not the college and the church in town and country be a subject for consideration?"

AROUND THE CIRCLE

By EDWARD J. MEEMAN

EVERY Saturday a group of business and professional men meets in a private dining-room in a hotel in Memphis, Tennessee, for luncheon, religious discussion, and a quiet period, or prayer. We go away, refreshed, inspired, and determined to do more for God, His kingdom, and our fellowman.

By discovery and experiment we have found a method which we find thoroughly practical and completely satisfying and we recommend it to others.

The group consists of not more than twelve, with an average of seven or eight present at each meeting. The subject and chairman have been chosen at a previous meeting. The chairmanship rotates alphabetically with adjustments because someone may not be able to serve because of absence from the city or other reason. The subject may be such matters as "What God Means to Me," "Effective Prayer," "How to Help Other People."

At one meeting, we discussed "How to Love Thyself Properly," a member having pointed out that Jesus did not ask us to love our neighbors more than ourselves, but only as much. Much evil comes when a man hates or despises himself, or thinks he is "no good," and can do no good. He must esteem himself as a child of God. God does not want us to have contempt or hatred for any child of His, including oneself.

Other discussions especially remembered by the participants were on these subjects:

"He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do."

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

"Faith — how Jesus stressed it."

"Joy."

"The secret place of the Most High."

"Be still and know that I am God."

Another memorable meeting was the one in which Emerson's essay on "Spiritual Laws" was discussed, especially the section on guidance which begins: "A little consideration of what takes place around us would show that a higher law than that of our will regulates events — by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine."

But the meeting that made the deepest impression was the one to which a war veteran and successful lawyer brought Henry Drummond's famous sermon, "The Greatest Thing in the World," and read it all. That reading changed the life of one man who heard it. The spiritual love which is "the greatest thing in the world" was planted in his heart and has borne much fruit.

At luncheon the conversation is merry but not frivolous. After lunch we sit in a circle of easy chairs. We are not dignified; we sprawl. We

may even put our feet up on a straight chair we pull from the lunch table. We find that, if we relax physically, the mind and spirit are free and active.

The chairman states the subject and makes a few sentences of comment on it. He calls for five minutes of silent meditation on the subject. Then he calls on each person in the circle to express himself, starting with the person on his left and going around the circle, clockwise. If time is limited, each person is given a definite number of minutes. If one does not wish to make a contribution, he may pass. If there is time, we may go around the circle a second time for additional thoughts that may have occurred. But there is no talk across the circle, no questions.

One does not hesitate to speak candidly, or to express a view different from that voiced by one who has preceded him. But there is no argument, no debate, nothing that might lead to acrimony or rancor, though the group represents men of different faiths, including both "fundamentalists" and "modernists."

At the close of the discussion, the chairman makes very brief closing remarks and we become quiet again for fifteen minutes when we pray for each other, for the President, for the Secretary of State, and others, prominent or otherwise. Then we go around the circle to choose the subject for the next meeting, which often grows out of the discussion just concluded.

There is no pressure for attendance, though one member acts as secretary to telephone all members the morning of the meeting to see who will be present. Members do not need to be urged; they come if they can because they get so much joy and benefit out of it.

Why is this technique so successful, so satisfying, so important? Because it is democratic, because it is equalizing, because it offers the simplest, the most sincere, the most intimate form of spiritual expression and association.

There are two kinds of people in the world — the talkative and the silent. I am one of the talkative, and I have no apology or boast because of that fact. The talkative are neither inferior nor superior to the quiet, and vice versa. It is an accidental difference of temperament, no more qualitative than the difference between blonds and brunettes. The talkative are not necessarily more shallow than the quiet, and the quiet have as much to say as the talkative — if given a chance! The technique of "going around the circle" equalizes the talkative and the quiet, gives them both the same opportunity to say what they have to contribute in the same length of time.

This technique is of equal value in business, civic, or political conferences. In fact I discovered the technique when I first saw it employed by the president of our Chamber of Commerce. He had called a meeting of some twenty representatives of various organizations to propose to them that we give our mayor a testimonial dinner. He presented the proposition, asking, "What do you think about it and what shall we do about it?" He went around the room, giving everyone present

a chance to express himself. At the conclusion it was evident that the group wanted to do what he proposed, but not in exactly the way he proposed. There was an obvious consensus and it was not necessary to take a vote. The testimonial dinner was harmoniously and successfully held.

Having attended many meetings where the few talkative were allowed to monopolize the meeting, where there were a lot of arguments and motions, I saw that this technique was superior. Quakers will recognize how much it derives from their theory, practice, and experience. So I introduced the method into our religious group, where it has been successfully used for several years. I have used it also in business and civic conference.

Here are some of the subjects we look forward to discussing in future meetings:

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"The moral duty to be intelligent."

"Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

"Worry is faith in what you don't want to happen."

Wouldn't you like to be with us when we discuss those subjects? Well, you can, by forming your own group.

Every congregation should have such groups in its membership — groups of men, groups of women, groups of married couples.

Also there is value in groups which cut across denominations as ours does. We find that a wide range of ages in a group is not a handicap but a good thing. We have found that a group should consist of no less than seven nor more than twelve. The average attendance was always be less than the total membership.

Any time is a good time to meet — with a meal or without it. At breakfast, at lunch, at dinner. Between quitting-time and dinner-time. In a hotel room or in a man's office. In the homes of members. We know of a successful group that met at a cafeteria for dinner from 6 to 6:30, then went to the office of a member for a meeting until 8:30, thus giving time for evening engagements or an evening at home.

Our advice is to meet at a time when you will have time. While the Spirit can, as Emerson says, "crowd eternity into an hour," you will enjoy the group so much you will want to give it a good deal of time.

Our present group is the result of an earlier group, formed in the middle thirties, which was the result of the hunger of three different men for a fellowship with other men for different reasons. One, a religious liberal, said: "We need an association that cuts across denominational lines." Another, a fundamentalist, said: "Let's form an association in behalf of the underdog." A third, who had been touched by the Oxford Group, wanted a group for "quiet-time" and a study of "the four absolutes."

From these miscellaneous motivations our group came together. We called it "The Fellowship for Effectiveness" — to study, not how to become more effective in our own business and professions, for personal

access, but how to become effective for universal good in our personal, occupational, civic, and political life. We were conscious that men had talked about good for centuries, and not insincerely, but still good was not triumphant and dominant in our world; how to make it so was the big question.

The question still remain to be answered. It must be answered; it can be answered in groups like the one I have described, meeting around the world.
—(from the *Evangel*)

The God of the Weather

James McBride Dabbs

Is the God of natural power also a God of love? Are we at home even in interstellar space?

I believe, as a Christian, that we are. I did not always believe this. Though I joined the church at ten, it took me a long time to become a Christian. Years ago I wrote an essay entitled "The Religion of a Countryman." My Presbyterian pastor remarked on reading it, "This is not Christianity; this a paganism." He was right. Like a true farmer I bowed to the god of the weather; but whether the power so evident there had any regard for human sympathies and loves I did not know. I believed in human sympathies and loves. I felt them about me in the home, the church, our secluded community. But they seemed a little weak in the roar of the storm beating down the crops. I had seen my father sitting on the piazza in May watching the ripe grain go down under the storm. Without a word. Just taking it. In the light of such a moment, human sympathies and loves had indeed a pleasant quality, as of quiet mornings in the old church, with my parents and brothers and sisters around me and the neighbors seated near; but could they grapple with the storm of life and time and death? I did not know. I was paying a limited devotion to two gods: the god of the fields, all-powerful but unconcerned with love, and the god of the fireside, the embodiment of love, but how strong I did not know.

This is not the place to tell in detail how the god of the fields came in and sat down with the god of the fireside, and how before my wondering eyes they became one, God both of power and of love. The story began in my childhood; it came to its tragically happy conclusion after the whom I had loved most of all "became one with nature." It was this event which set for me the problem: Is life brute power, or does it also harbor love? At such a time one either sinks or rises. By the grace of God I rose. When this period ended I could not only say that I was one with mankind in love, but I could add the word of a Christian that love is instinct with the power of God. All men as they realize their manhood are on the same side, and God is on that side too. If then God be for us in our present struggle in the south to realize our common manhood, who can be against us?

(from the *Christian Century*)

Welcome to Our List

- Rev. Lee M. Adams, Calvary Episcopal Church, Box 485, Menard, Texas
Rev. Tom G. Akeley, Box 703, Devil's Lake, North Dakota
Rt. Rev. R. P. Beattie, 2136 Abbott St. Kelowna, British Columbia
Rev. E. L. Browning, 648 Madison Sy., Eagle Pass, Texas
Rev. B. J. Buckland, Gagetown, New Brunswick
Mr. Robert W. Carter, 403 Bowie St. Luling, Texas
Rev. Milton Crum Jr., Church of the Holy Communion, Allendale,
South Carolina
Rev. Frederick P. Davis, 821 3rd Ave. South, Fargo, North Dakota
Mr. Armer Earwood, Sonora, Texas
Rt. Rev. Richard R. Emery D. D., 707 8th St. South, Fargo, North Dakota
Rev. H. L. Fullerton, St. Dunstan's Episcopal Church, Mineola, Texas
Mr. F. M. Gillespie, 321 Broadway, San Antonio, Texas
Rev. J. Rodney Glasgow, St. Paul's Church, Edneyville, North Carolina
Rev. William J. Hanks, Fort Yates, North Dakota
Rev. F. W. Hawthorne, 108 Mercer St., Durand, Michigan
Rev. John G. Holton, Mandan, North Dakota
Rev. Harold S. Jones, Trinity Church, Wahpeton, North Dakota
Mr. Theodore F. Jones, Box 21, Bowman, North Dakota
Rev. J. Addin Mann, 305 2nd St. East, Rugby, North Dakota
Rev. Mack M. Horris, 208 W. Hopkins St., San Marcos, Texas
Miss Margaret K. Neilson, Rt. 2, Malvern, Pennsylvania
Mr. Bertram Parker, 1601 Wilson Tower, Corpus Christi, Texas
Mr. Starr Pope, 1217 McBride Lane, Corpus Christi, Texas
Rev. Clay Puckett, St. Thomas Church, 4100 Up River Road,
Corpus Christi, Texas
Rev. E. T. Spencer, Doaktown, New Brunswick
Rt. Rev. Leland Stark, D.D., 24 Rector St., Newark 2, New Jersey
Rev. Robert H. Steilberg, Box 502, Elizabethtown, Kentucky
Rev. Ramsey Stuart, Anglican Vicarage, Bon Accord, Alberta
Rev. James R. Titcomb, Box 276, McNary, Arizona
Rev. John D. Worrell, 105 N. Adams St., Beeville, Texas

God's Handwriting

He writes in characters too grand
For our short sight to understand;
We catch but broken strokes, and try
To fathom all the mystery
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,
The endless war, the useless strife, —
But there, with larger, clearer sight,
We shall see this — His way was right.
—John Oxenham

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. John Peacock, President of the Rural Workers Fellowship, has been rector of the parishes at Cowansville, Quebec, for almost two decades.

Rev. William B. Spofford, Jr., of Boton is a former editor of *Crossroads*, active in urban and rural church, and son of the famous ecclesiastical writer of the church for two generations, and "Witness" editor.

Rev. William Davidson needs no introduction to any of our fellowship, for he is our ambassador to 281 and vice versa.

Rev. Maxwell Brown is a former president, present director, and at one time or another holder of almost every office requiring work in the RWF. Coldwater, Michigan is the center of his diverse ministries.

Capt. Thomas G. Wheat, now in North Carolina, has had a thorough training in town and country work as a Church Army officer.

Rev. Holly Wilberforce Wells D.D., now is retired in Asheboro, North Carolina, after a long ministry in Mississippi, where he once served as rector of a celebrated glebe farm experiment.

Edward J. Meeman, an active religious leader for years, has been the general editor of the *Memphis Press Scimitar* for over thirty years.

Among the contributions to our February issue were Rev. Alex Hanson, whose long and fruitful rural ministry is at present exercised in Murphy, North Carolina, and Rev. James S. Butler, of Cheneyville, Louisiana, whose ministry has included his native Mississippi, Idaho, Texas and Louisiana. James is probably the senior active member of the Rural Workers fellowship and has throughout his ministry declined urban calls to stay in the town and country field.

Rev. Robert M. Collins is rector of Christ Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Episcopal Press Month

Please let me extend my sincere thanks to you and that of this Parish for your thoughtfulness in sending us your contribution for our Episcopal Press Month. (Copy of *Crossroads*).

Our people are becoming more and better informed because of your fidelity in assisting us. This year we had other parishes come in and renew the exhibit so that it was possible for many more persons to see that the Church is doing through its various presses and agencies. The Peabury Press also took a keen interest in what was happening and not only sent to us a special exhibit of material but also a speaker to present to our people. The National Council is hoping that the idea will spread to other parishes, and if it does we certainly can thank you for the wonderful assistance which you have afforded.

Rev. Robert M. Collins
Christ Church,
Elizabeth, New Jersey

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